

"THE DREAM IS PAST"

Written by

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Arranged for the

SPANISH GUITAR

By

FRANCIS WEILLAND

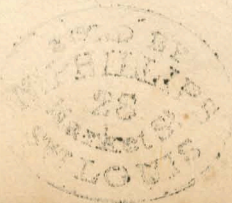
Philadelphia, George Willig 171 Chesnut St.

Andante con espress.

Guitar.

The dream is past, and with it fled, The hopes that once my passion fed, And
darkly die, 'mid grief and pain, The joys which gone, come not a - gain. My soul, in si - lence
and in tears, Has cherish'd now for many years, A love for one who does not know The

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thoughts that in my bosom glow. Oh! cease my heart, thy throbbing hide A - nother soon will

be his bride, And hope's last faint, but cheering ray, Will then for ev - er pass a -

- way

2d. Verse.

They cannot see the si - lent tear that falls uncheck'd when none are near, Nor

do they mark the smother'd sigh, That leaves my breast when they are by. I

know my cheek is pa - ler now, And smiles no lon - ger deck my brow, 'Tis

youth's de - cay, 'twill soon be - gin To tell the thoughts that dwell with - in. Oh!

let me rouse my sleeping pride, And from his gaze, my feelings hide; He

shall not smile to think that I With love for him, could pine, and die.

The dream is past, Guitar.